

By FRANK RUSSELL

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One Sat'day Bill let 'em loose, and they's a-scamperin' 'round deck for more'n two hours, when I hears a yell from aft. I thought one of them

Nephew—Not much of a treat for the lookers on, was it, Nunk?

A black and white illustration of two women in late 19th-century fashion. The woman on the left is shown from the front, wearing a large, ornate hat with a veil and a long, patterned dress with a high collar and long sleeves. The woman on the right is shown from the side, wearing a similar large, ornate hat with a veil and a long, patterned dress with a high collar and long sleeves. Both dresses have long, flowing skirts and are adorned with intricate patterns and details. The illustration is signed 'J. W. M.' in the bottom right corner.

ple at large in the future. The fondness of the orientals for bright colors may give rise to gorgeous neckties and gold-laced collars.—Hindustan Review Allahabad


After a man's wife finds that it is useless to try to convince him that smoking is an expensive habit she begins to be afraid that it hurts the baby's throat.

NEW BRITISH COMMISSION APPOINTED TO
STUDY SOUTH AFRICAN DISEASE





EARLY STAGE OF	FINAL STAGE OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

SLEEPING SICKNESS



**THE UGANDA MURDER FLY
WHICH SPREADS
SLEEPING
SICKNESS**





**COL. SIR DAVID
BRUCE, F.R.S.**

"trypanosome," the root cause of the disease, in this case infirmal to man. Sleeping sickness, since its introduction in Uganda in 1901, has levied a heavy toll on the unfortunate native population of 200,000 out of a total population of 300,000 in the affected districts having been swept away. In large areas of the Congo Free State it has decimated the tribes. Furthermore, it has appeared in the Sudan and is now threatening German East Africa, Rhodesia, and the British Central Africa protectorate. Coupled with the native mortality are cases of Europeans who have succumbed to the

A DEAD CITY IN PERSIA

A retired French officer, M. H. de Bouillane de Lacoste, has discovered in Seistan, in eastern Persia, a buried town. It lies almost midway between Meshed and the Persian gulf, in a district that Great Britain and Russia may bring some day into prominence. It lies in a desolate region, but shows evidences of a high civilization.

WHAT THE TRADE MARK MEANS TO THE BUYER

Few people realize the importance of the words "Trade Mark" stamped on the goods they buy. If they did it would save them many a dollar spent for worthless goods and put a lot of unscrupulous manufacturers out of the business.

When a manufacturer adopts a trade mark he assumes the entire responsibility for the merit of his product. He takes his business reputation in his hands—out in the limelight—"on the square" with the buyer of his goods, with the dealer, and with himself.

The other manufacturer—the one who holds out “inducements,” offering to brand all goods purchased with each local dealer’s brand—sidesteps responsibility, and when these inferior goods “come back” it’s the local dealer that must pay the penalty.

A good example of the kind of protection afforded the public by a trade mark is that offered in connection with National Lead Company's advertising of pure White Lead as the best paint material.

that the Dutch Boy Painter trade mark is an absolute guaranty of purity in White Lead is proved to the most skeptical by the offer National Lead Company make to send free to any address a blow-pipe and instructions how to test the white lead for themselves. The testing outfit is being sent out from the New York office of the company, Woodbridge Building.

On the Doctors.

Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy, who, of course, has no faith in medicine, told a Western Christian Scientist, at one of her latest audiences, an anecdote about a friend of hers.

This friend, a thin and nervous woman, could not sleep. She visited her physician and the man said:

"Do you eat anything just before going to bed?"

"Oh, no, doctor," the patient replied.

"Well," said the physician, "just keep a pitcher of milk and some blacuit beside you, and every night, the last thing you do, make a light meal."

"But doctor," cried the lady, "you told me on no account to eat anything before retiring."

"Pooh, pooh," said the doctor, "that was three months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

Cape Cod Fog

"Yes," remarked the Down Easter, "we do have fog along Cape Cod some times. One night the fog came up and in the morning when I went to milk I couldn't find the old cow. Knew where she was in the habit of lying, though, and followed her easy enough. Got to her just in time, too.

"Why, I just went through the hole she made in the fog—sort of a tunnel like—and pretty soon I came up to her. She was almost smothered. You see the fog had packed ahead of her and she'd jammed her horns into it and got stuck. Had to chop her out. You may believe it or not, but I'll show you the cow any time you come 'round."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Few Funny Facts.

The Georgia legislature has had under consideration a bill which would make null and void a matrimonial compact into which a woman has wheedled a man by means of paint, powder, perfume, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, corsets, hoops, high-heeled shoes, low-cut waists, lace or rainbow hosiery, or by any other artificial means or practices. Why not limit the woman's "wheedling" privileges to the method of absent treatment? It is plain the poor men need at least a ten-mile start.

When the Little Man Scored.

A meeklooking little man with a large pasteboard box climbed on the car. As he did so he bumped slightly into a sleepy, corpulent passenger with a self-satisfied look and two little dabs of sidewiskers. As the car rounded a curve the box rubbed against him again and he growled: "This is no freight car, is it?" "Nope," returned the meek little chap with the box, "and when you come right down to it, it ain't any cattle car, either, is it?"

Mentally Sound.

The proud beauty eyed him with scorn.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Do you think I would marry a dried up, insignificant, homely little man like you? You must be crazy!"

"No, Miss Pinkie," he said, looking around for his hat; "my mind is all right, but you have convinced me that it's in the wrong body."

A Hard Blow.

"So Barnstormer's performance of Hamlet caused a great hit in the country circuit."
 "Yes, a stunning hit."
 "Between ourselves, what caused it?"
 "I don't think Barnstormer ever knew himself what struck him."

REMAINS THE SAME

Well Brewed Postum Always Palatable

The flavour of Postum, when boiled according to directions, is always the same—mild, distinctive, and palatable. It contains no harmful substance like caffeine, the drug in coffee, and hence may be used with benefit at all times.

"Believing that coffee was the cause of my torpid liver, sick headache and misery in many ways," writes an Ind. lady, "I quit and bought a package of Postum about a year ago.

"My husband and I have been so well pleased that we have continued to drink Postum ever since. We like the taste of Postum better than coffee, as it has always the same pleasant flavour, while coffee changes its taste with about every new combination or blend.

"Since using Postum I have had no more attacks of gall colic, the heaviness has left my chest, and the old, common, everyday headache is a thing unknown." "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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